Marke well the effect, purtreyed here in all:
The Prelate with his dignities renowne,
The King that rules, the Lawyer in the hall,
The Harlot and the countrey toyling Clowne:

THe bishop vaunts to pray for thother fower,
As who wold say, he holds the palme & pri e,
And that in him and his most holy power,
It doth depend, their causes to suffise
I pray (saith he) that Christs continual grace
May them conduct, & guide in euery place.

THe smiling queane, the harlot cald by name,
Stands stiffe vpon the blase of beauty braue,
To vanquish all, she makes her prized clame.
And that she ought the golden spurs to haue,
For by her slights she can bewitch the best,
The strong, the Lawyer, & the rest.

THe contry clowne f
Puts in his foot, an
What can they do
If that by me they haue n
For want of food they sh
What say you now to me

THe puissant King he claimeth to defend,
The bishop and the other three like case,
In all conflictes or broyles vnto the end,
Who but his power their enemies doth deface
He musters men, and sends them forth a faire
In their behalf, to maintaine deadly warre.

THe Lawyer he, in title of his clame,
Presumeth next, by law and iustice true,
Somwhat the more, to eleuate his name:
For law (saith he) all discord doth subdue:
It endeth strife, it giues to ech his right,
And wholy doth contention vanquish quight

For want of me they shou
For want of me they coul
And thats the cause I cary
This table here of plenty
I feast them all, their hun
For by my toyle they feed

Howe and which way together they agree,
And what their talke and conference might be.

Ech to their cauſe, for gard of their degree,
And yet death is the conquerour you ſee.

ntry clowne full loth to loſe his rigth,
his foot, and pleads to be the chiefe.
can they do (ſaith he) by power or might,
they haue not their reliefe?
ood they ſhould all periſh than,
u now to me the countrey man.

DEath that aloofe in ſtealing wiſe doth ſtand
Hearing the vaunts that they begin to make.
Straight ſteppeth forth, with piercing dart i hād
And boldly ſeemes the quarell vp to take.
Are they (ſaith he) ſo proud in their degree,
Lo, here by me ſoone conquered ſhall they bee,

I pray for you all.
I help you all to your right.
I defend you all.

I vanquiſh you all.
I feede you all.
I will kill you all.

(***) The Authors Apoſtrophe to the Reader.

me they ſhould both line and lacke,
me they could not till the earth,
cauſe I cary on my backe,
re of plenty not of dearth.
ll, their hunger appeaſe,
yle they feede euen at their eaſe.

And ſtanding by to giue their later foode,
He entreth ſtraight, the conqueſt to attaine,
Thers none of them (ſaith he) the chiefeſt blond
That valiant death intendeth to refraine,
Ile crop their crowne & garlands freſh and gay,
And at the laſt Ile ſhrine them all in clay.

Here may you ſee, what as the world might be,
The rich, the poore, Earle, Ceſar, Duke, & King,
Death ſpareth not the chiefeſt high degree,
He triumphes ſtill, on euery earthly thing,
While then we liue let vs endeuour ſtill,
That all our works agree with Gods good will.

Dance of Death